

Party Favors by Luddleston

Series: [Cross the Stars for You \[1\]](#)

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Birthday Sex, Established Relationship, First Time, M/M, Mutual Masturbation, Pre-Canon, Shiro has a lot of social anxiety sometimes, Underage Drinking, a little bit of implied voyeurism, if wherever the garrison is has a 21+ drinking age

Language: English

Characters: Matt Holt, Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Matt Holt/Shiro

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-26

Updated: 2018-01-26

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:25:41

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,295

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Matt's eighteenth birthday falls on a school day, and sure, the Garrison might not be the best place to throw a party, but when your roommate's also your boyfriend, the after-party is where it's really at.

Party Favors

Author's Note:

I mentioned in some other thing I wrote with them that their first time was on Matt's 18th birthday, and I decided to actually write that. Anyway, I get annoyed that the Matt/Shiro tag is mostly secondary ship fics, and so I'm going to like, single-handedly flood it with these two boys just like. Doing it a lot, mostly.

Someday I'll write SFW with them. It's not today. It's also not tomorrow, because I have some ideas about roleplay.

Matt turned eighteen on a blisteringly hot day.

This was not unusual. When you lived in the desert, every day was blisteringly hot. It was something you just got used to, like the sand, the dust, and the fact that the nearest town consisted of a gas station, a liquor store, a Dollar General, and a few tumbleweeds. To avoid the elements and the lack of culture, most cadets stayed within the confines of the Garrison on the day-to-day. And the Garrison, by proxy of being a pseudo-military operation and, you know, school, wasn't the best place to throw a birthday party. In Shiro's opinion, you were lucky if you happened to be born sometime during summer break.

But it was Matt's birthday, and Matt was friends with basically everyone in their class, plus a few upperclassmen who were always sharing previous years' notes with him. Oh, and there was a crew of underclassmen who thought Matt and Shiro were the coolest people ever, but Shiro didn't count them as their friends, because they weren't close enough to them to know that Matt and Shiro were super lame.

Somebody in their class came up with the idea for the surprise party, and Shiro wished he'd thought of it first, because it was *exactly* what Matt would've wanted. So, after classes, they crowded way too many people into Davidson's room (biggest one on the floor), turned the music up as loud as they dared, and, to top things off, snuck in some contraband booze.

Shiro had not been a part of the booze operation, because he couldn't lie to save his life or his social status.

That was why he didn't normally go to these kinds of parties—didn't get invited to them in the first place. Everybody thought he was pretty straight-laced, because, well, he was. But it was Matt's birthday, and even though the jokes about Matt and Shiro never going anywhere without the other weren't *entirely* true, it was true enough that Shiro wasn't going to miss this. He may have been a little uncomfortable sardined into a room that was full enough to be a fire hazard, but you put up with that kind of stuff for your boyfriend.

He sat gingerly on the edge of a bed that everyone was using as a couch, a pair of girls behind him constantly pressing against his back. He'd move, if there was anywhere in this room where he wouldn't be awkwardly touching anybody. Instead, he sat still and watched the party go on, trying to look like he had clue what he was doing. It seemed to be working. A few people said hello to him in passing, and he managed to make normal small-talk, so that was something.

Out of nowhere, the birthday boy himself dropped into Shiro's lap, which made him both uneasy and comforted at the same time. He instinctively looked around to make sure nobody was watching them, even though he knew it was a non-issue. There were two rules for parties at the Garrison: you don't get caught, and you don't talk about it after. What happens at the party stays at the party. Very Las Vegas of them. So, nobody was gonna go running to their C.O. if they saw two cadets kissing, but Shiro still wasn't overfond of the idea of a whole twenty people knowing that he was dating his roommate.

"What's up?" Matt asked him. "You look stressed out. Why do you look stressed out?"

"Just a lot of people," he mumbled, but he wasn't sure Matt heard, because he was talking to somebody who was handing him a drink, even though he already had one in his other hand.

Matt passed off the second drink to Shiro, instead, and said, "you don't have to be so tense, babe, nobody cares about that kind of shit. God, everyone's probably too drunk to remember who was making out with who."

That was another issue entirely, and it had Shiro looking dubiously into the drink Matt had handed him. It just looked like a Coke. "Are *you* drunk?" He took a sip of his drink. It didn't taste like a Coke.

"Uh, yeah, sort of. It's my birthday, dude, people have been handing me drinks left and right."

"Is there alcohol in *this*?" he asked, trying his suspicious drink again. Yeah, that was probably alcohol, if alcohol tasted vaguely like Nyquil, but really sweet and kind of good. Shiro wasn't sure; he only ever drank a glass of wine at family dinners and champagne on New Year's.

"It's in a red Solo cup, of course it's alcohol," Matt said, knocking back the rest of his own drink. "Sorry. I'll find you something else, I know you don't drink."

"It's not that I don't drink, I just..." he shrugged, helplessly, because he couldn't find a succinct way to describe both the social anxiety and fear that someone would catch them. Not to mention the fact that he was publicly breaking the Garrison's fraternization policy. He may not have upheld that one as well as the 'no drinking' rule, but usually, no one knew.

Matt gave him a look that was hard to interpret behind his glasses. "You don't have to stay, y'know," he said. "If this is making you panicky and stuff, you can... I'll catch up later."

Matt looked worried about him. Matt wasn't supposed to be worried about him, it was his *birthday*, and Shiro didn't want him to spend it looking out for him.

"I wanna stay," Shiro said, leaning forward so he could lay his head on Matt's shoulder. "I'm just... bad at parties. Probably gonna ruin your reputation."

"Excuse me, I'm getting cuddled by the single hottest guy in the Garrison—and on the face of the planet—my reputation is doing *great*," Matt said, and Shiro decided to take another drink, like that was going to steady him. It didn't, just left a bad taste in the back of his throat. Then, he wrapped his arm around Matt's waist and held him closer, which did make him feel better. "Also, seriously, if you don't like that, I'll drink it," Matt said, but Shiro moved the cup out of his way before he could steal it.

"Nope. It's fine. Weird aftertaste, but I'm not sure if that's because it's definitely Diet Coke, or because of... whatever else is in it."

"Rum," Matt said, like he'd been spending his nights bartending. (He hadn't. Shiro shared a bed with him.)

"Yeah, sure," Shiro said, tipping his cup back and drinking too much of it at once, trying not to make a face. He was pretty sure he made a face, anyways.

Eventually, the girls behind them moved out of the way, and Shiro sat back against the wall with his legs stretched out on the bed, Matt sitting between them and leaning against him contentedly. He was talking to somebody Shiro was pretty sure was named either Alex or Aaron, and when he wasn't talking with his hands, he dropped his palm against Shiro's knee.

Aaron/Alex handed Matt another drink, which he happily accepted, finishing it in what was probably record time, considering he remained very involved in a discussion about particle physics. Shiro finished his, too, and he set the empty cup on the bed next to him before interjecting a, "god, you nerd," into one of the infrequent pauses in the conversation.

"Oh, hey, Shiro," said the classmate, who Shiro was pretty sure was called Alex, like he'd just noticed Shiro was sitting there. "Didn't expect to see you here."

"Why not? I mean, it's Matt's birthday, of course I'm here," he said, putting a hand on Matt's shoulder while he demonstratively sprawled against Shiro's chest again.

Alex? made an unelaborative hand gesture. "Dunno, you're just kind of... you're like, a chill dude, but you sort of... I mean, you don't even *swear*, man."

"Yes I do," Shiro said, defensive and possibly too loud. He started to entertain the idea that he might be getting drunk. He couldn't tell. It had been a while since he'd been tipsy, and he'd never really been drunk before.

"I have never in my life heard you say anything worse than 'damn'," Matt said. Wait. Was "damn" not swearing?

"I'm pretty sure that counts," he said, and Matt, who could swear a blue streak if he so much as stubbed his toe, just laughed at him.

"You're cute," he said, combing Shiro's hair out of his face. Matt leaned forward, and Shiro thought he was gonna kiss him, but he just bumped their noses together and then turned back around, leaning against Shiro's chest again. Shiro put his arm around Matt's waist, because at this point, the part of him that cared what people thought of his relationship was taking a backseat to the part of him who liked to cuddle.

It was getting warmer in the room, or maybe he was getting warmer. His cheeks felt hot, but he couldn't really judge, because his fingertips were also warm, and a little buzzy, like he was just now getting circulation back into them. The music didn't feel as loud anymore, or maybe he just couldn't pay attention to it and the conversation at the same time.

A couple of other people joined the particle physics conversation, and none of them really seemed to have anything salient to add, but it was pretty funny to watch Matt try to correct somebody and trip over the word "neutron" three times before saying it right. Probably the funniest thing he'd heard all week. Shiro pressed his forehead against Matt's shoulder and laughed at him until Matt pushed him off and told him to, "stop laughing unless you wanna make a point about—" and then some science words Shiro didn't understand, and also probably didn't hear correctly.

"You're smart," Shiro said, like he was just now realizing this, even though Matt was a couple places ahead of him on class rankings. "You're like, even

smart when you're drunk. You should be on that show where people get drunk and talk about... whatever. But with science."

"Thanks, but I don't think anything I just said was right," Matt admitted, bowing his head to talk right into Shiro's ear. Now his ears were warm, too. He tipped his head, because he was close enough to kiss Matt, so he *should* be kissing Matt, because he was *right there*, why not, but Matt jerked his head up to explain to somebody that that's not how rollercoasters worked. This was fine. Shiro wasn't supposed to be kissing Matt in front of a bunch of people, anyways. He dropped his head into the hollow of Matt's shoulder instead, nuzzling against him instead of kissing, which was probably even worse.

Matt started petting the hair at the nape of Shiro's neck while he talked, and Shiro noticed that they weren't the only couple there—a pair of girls were standing to the side of the bathroom door and breaking up their conversation with kisses, and one of the guys Matt was talking to was holding hands with a girl Shiro had done a simulation with last week. Something in him eased, a growing realization that he was sort of *normal*, and that nobody was going to say anything about it.

Eventually, people started playing a party game Shiro only sort of cared to follow, the crux of which seemed to be daring each other to do increasingly stupid things. Somebody dared—yes, it was Alex—to take his shirt off, and he had a surprising amount of chest hair and nothing else interesting under there. Somebody dared a girl to take *her* shirt off, and she had one of those really fancy bras with lacy flowers all over it, which was pretty interesting, even if Shiro didn't really care about her breasts as much as the rest of the guys in the room seemed to. Except for Matt, maybe, who was sneaking his fingers under the hem of Shiro's T-shirt so he could pet his hip.

At some point, one of the upperclassmen, who was also named Matt, said they should dare the birthday boy to do something, because birthdays, apparently, did not exempt you from being pressured to do stupid things by the rest of your classmates.

"Dare you to kiss somebody," someone said. Matt turned to face him—apparently, 'somebody' meant Shiro. Maybe you could be pressured to do

things that weren't stupid at all. Shiro was starting to like this game a little more. His hand tightened on Matt's side.

"Kiss Jenna," someone else said, and Shiro changed his mind. This was a stupid game.

Matt gave him an apologetic grin, and for a second, Shiro thought he was actually gonna get up and kiss her, but then Matt said, "no, no, I liked the first one better, I'll kiss whoever I want," and leaned in. Oh. So the apology was for the PDA, then. Good. Shiro wasn't going to have to be mad at him later.

Somebody wolf-whistled in the background. Shiro leaned into it and somebody else cheered, like they were watching him beat a simulation time. Matt leaned back after just a few seconds, but Shiro put a hand on the back of his neck to keep him there. There was no way he was letting this end so quickly, so he settled his opposite hand on Matt's waist and let him kiss him back eagerly, again and again. Probably too many times.

When they parted, Matt's breath was coming faster and his eyes were bright, sharp, like if they were alone, he'd push Shiro down onto the bed and keep going. Shiro was more disappointed than ever that they were stuck at this party. He watched someone dare someone else to do a handstand, and the second person fail dramatically, but all he could think about was Matt's lips on his.

He was surprised when, against what Shiro thought was proper party etiquette, Matt stayed for maybe a polite twenty more minutes, then got up and said goodbye to everybody. Shiro thought you weren't supposed to duck out of your own party early, but he stopped caring when Matt leaned over and said, "I want to go back to our room," and then detoured from his ear to kiss him again, tugging on his hands to pull him to his feet. Shiro's head spun a little as he stood, but he steadied himself and pushed through the crowded room with his hand in Matt's.

The hallway was so quiet in comparison to the room, his ears started to ring. "I don't know how we didn't get caught," he said, looking over his shoulder at the door swinging closed behind them.

"I personally think the RAs allow some of that to happen," Matt said, "because if they didn't, people would party outside of the Garrison—it's like that parent who lets you drink as long as you do it in the house." Matt had this theory about a lot of things at the Garrison, primarily the fact that it was ridiculously easy to get around any blocked servers and find porn, which he thought was because they'd rather have cadets downloading pornography than actually having sex with each other.

If that was true, Shiro thought, it wasn't working, because as soon as they walked in the bedroom, Matt pushed him onto the bottom bunk they shared and started kissing him again. He climbed into Shiro's lap, which seemed to be his favorite place tonight.

"Your face is so red," Matt said, kissing both his cheeks. "Are you drunk?"

"I could just be blushing, did you ever think of that?" Shiro asked. Matt tipped his chin up to kiss him again. When they parted, he said, "Maybe a little bit. I think I'm kind of buzzed." If this was what buzzed felt like. He felt a little bit like he was having a head rush, just all the time, and every part of him was a little more ticklish than usual.

"Me too," Matt said, bending to kiss his neck.

"I don't see how," Shiro said, because Matt should've been wasted by now. Maybe he was just better at that alcohol thing than Shiro was.

Matt continued to kiss him, his fingers tangling in Shiro's hair, his teeth in Shiro's bottom lip. It felt amazing. It always felt amazing, but this time, everything that wasn't Matt was blurred out. He wouldn't have been able to tell you what direction the door was if you asked him.

Matt slowly settled his weight onto Shiro, and when his hips fit against Shiro's, he could feel Matt hard in his jeans. They'd done this before, kissing and grinding on each other until they either came or drove each other crazy—usually both, those things kind of went together.

"Guess you're not too drunk for this," Matt said. Oh, so he felt Shiro, too.

"We should probably stop, I mean—not stop, but."

"But you don't wanna go any further than usual," Matt said, unable to completely keep the disappointment out of his voice. He'd been expecting to go further. Shiro, to be honest, had been expecting the same thing.

"I just don't think it's a good idea to, um. For the first time, if we're drunk," Shiro said, and if he were Matt, he would have said *fuck*, not *um*.

Matt frowned like he was thinking. Then, he leaned in and kissed Shiro again, pausing to say, "then tell me when you're not drunk anymore," against his lips.

Shiro didn't really think he'd be able to gauge that, because Matt was still pressed against him and doing amazing things to his mouth, which would make him feel like he was drunk any day.

Matt kissed him until his mouth hurt, and then kissed his neck until he had marks, and then pushed his nose against the neckline of Shiro's T-shirt like he wanted it off. Shiro suddenly wanted it off too, and he nudged Matt back until he had enough space to pull his shirt over his head and throw it somewhere on the floor. He couldn't help the slow grind they started, except, well, he probably could. He didn't want it to stop, though. Matt scraped his teeth over Shiro's collarbones and he tipped his head back, bumped it against the headboard, and jerked up.

"Ow."

"You alright?"

"Yeah, keep doing that."

Matt kept doing that.

Shiro pulled the hem of Matt's shirt up, put his hands on his back, his sides, thumbs tracing his hipbones. Matt ground down against him, then, and this time, the angle was a little better, and Shiro felt it against his cock.

"God, I'm so turned on," Matt said, unnecessarily.

"Yeah," Shiro agreed.

"You wanna take your pants off?" he asked. Shiro's hands hovered hesitantly over Matt's thighs, long enough that Matt sat back on his lap. "We don't have to," he said, as Shiro's hands dropped to his knees. "But like. If you don't want to, I *am* gonna go to the bathroom and jerk myself off."

Matt had been getting more and more comfortable talking about stuff like that. Shiro still euphemized most of it, but Matt had known him long enough to know what he meant when his ears went bright red and he said *I'm gonna take a shower*, right after a solid half hour of making out.

"I really want to do it," Shiro admitted, his grip tightening a little on Matt's knee. Matt gave his shoulder a comforting squeeze back. "I *really* want to do it, but I'm just... nervous. I've never done this before."

"Dude, I'd hope, you've only ever dated me, so," Matt said. He bent and kissed Shiro again, so gentle he wouldn't have felt it if his lips weren't already oversensitized from everything they'd done earlier. "I've never done it before, either. I'm serious, though. We really don't have to, especially if you're still, uh. Impaired?"

"I'm not really," he said, because it had gone as fast as it came, and now he was feeling sober enough that his heart was racing from anxiety, not from the feeling of Matt's body against his. It was their first time, it had to be good, even though everything Shiro ever heard had told him that your first time wasn't spectacular. "Uh, were you serious about the going to jerk off thing, too?"

"Hell yes. I need to like, take care of this."

"You could do that here," Shiro said, and then tried his best to keep from cringing while he waited to see if that was a completely weird thing to say. Matt just blinked at him and readjusted his glasses, waiting for the rest of it. "I mean. I want to see how you do it. Just so I can... so next time, I'll be good for you."

Matt's surprise broke into a smile and he went even redder than he had been before. He slid closer again so that he was pressed close to Shiro, and kissed him at length, until Shiro was leaning back against the headboard, his mouth opening for Matt. It felt like a confirmation. So did the part where Matt pulled away and said, "has anyone told you lately that you're the sweetest boyfriend ever?"

"If anyone other than you said that, that would be kinda weird," Shiro said.

"I'm just saying, that's kind of a great idea," Matt said. "You should, too, if you want, so I can watch."

Shiro would have argued that if he was jerking off too, it would be a lot harder to pay attention to what Matt was doing, but that sounded a lot sexier than just watching him like a weirdo. He was also pretty sure that if he watched Matt touch himself, he'd have to.

"Here, or? Do you want me to give you some room?" Matt asked, shifting back a little on Shiro's lap so there was space between them for, uh. Activities.

Shiro imagined leaning over to kiss Matt while one of them was coming, and he held onto his hips for a second and said, "yeah, here, don't move."

"Okay," Matt said, breathier than Shiro had heard him. "Well, I'm gonna move for like a second. I gotta take my jeans off, man."

"Oh. Right, those."

When they wore civvies, Matt was usually in sweats (weekends) or in oversized, acid-washed jeans that looked a little like something Shiro's mom had worn when he was a kid. Tonight, though, he'd revealed that he did own one pair of skinny jeans, and they were doing fantastic things to his ass. He was going to have to convince Matt to wear those more often. He'd done a passable job at not staring at Matt's ass during the whole party, but as he bent over and pulled his socks off, Shiro couldn't stop watching.

He kept it up until Matt turned around, the shape of his cock way too visible in his boxer-briefs, and said, "you should, too."

"Yeah," Shiro said, his eyes returning to Matt's face. He swallowed, because his mouth was suddenly dry.

Once both of them were in their underwear, they returned to the same position they'd been in, Shiro up against the headboard, Matt straddling his lap, his hands on Shiro's shoulders. Matt looked down between them and licked his lips absently. Shiro noticed for the first time how blond his eyelashes were. Matt leaned in and kissed him soft, once, and neither of them closed their eyes. The desert sun was giving Matt freckles.

Shiro traced his ribs, pressed his forehead to Matt's, and watched him carefully. When Matt exhaled, Shiro felt it against his mouth.

"Are we doing this?" he asked, palms flat on Shiro's chest.

"If you still want to," Shiro said.

"Of course I still want to," Matt replied, "geez." He dropped a hand between his thighs. Shiro dropped his gaze to Matt's hand. "I'm not chickening out on this."

"It's okay if you want to stop," Shiro said, "right? That's a thing. I mean, I don't want to do this if you're not into it anymore, so?"

"Yeah, yeah, 'course, same for you. Just say the word and we can... I dunno. We'll figure it out, right?"

"We usually do." Shiro put one hand in his lap, his other still on Matt's knee, and cupped himself through his boxers. He heard Matt suck in a breath and his eyes flickered up to meet Matt's again. "Matthew, if you breathe any harder, you're gonna fog up your glasses."

Matt flicked him in the shoulder. "You know that's not possible," he said. He was watching Shiro's hand again. "I'm just... excited, I guess. Gonna be honest, I wasn't sure you actually *did* jerk off."

"What'd you think I was doing in the shower?" Shiro asked, starting to move his palm, slowly. "Just because I'm not as noisy about it as you are..."

"Noisy?"

Shiro whispered it in his ear like it was a secret. "You sleep right above me." In truth, it had taken him an embarrassingly long time to figure out what Matt was doing at night, but he'd eventually pieced together what that particular pattern of heavy breathing and rustling around meant.

Matt groaned and dropped his head onto Shiro's shoulder. "Are you for real?"

"Yes." It had been a while since that had happened, because Matt shared Shiro's bottom bunk now, but when it had been a regular thing, it was torture to hear him, to be able to picture exactly what he was doing, and not be able to climb up into bed with him. He sort of wanted to touch Matt. He settled for fitting his hand below the waistband of his own boxers instead. "I'm a light sleeper."

"God, how were you not super creeped out by that?"

"It turns me on," Shiro admitted, blushing so hard he was gonna set something on fire. "It's not like I ever, you know." *Got off while I listened to you.* "I just... sometimes I think about it."

"While you're in the shower?"

"Sometimes," he said, his voice smaller than usual.

Matt giggled, but it was more nervous energy than humor. His fingers started to trace the shape of his cock in his boxers, and, after a few passes, he tugged them down his hips, not off, he couldn't do that while he was on Shiro's lap. Far enough, though. Shiro had the sudden thought that, oh, he'd never seen anybody else's cock besides his. Well, unless you counted that time he tried watching porn, and then panicked as soon as nudity started to happen and immediately closed the tab, deleted his internet history, and turned off his laptop.

For a second, he couldn't breathe. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to do, and it probably wasn't great that he just kept *staring at it*, until Matt lifted his hand to his mouth for a second, then dropped it and started touching himself, and, oh god, Shiro's brain shut down.

When it finally rebooted, he heard Matt say, "you know, you don't have to keep your hand in your pants."

Shiro realized he still had his hand below the waistband of his boxers, which was probably what he'd be doing if he was jerking off here alone, but Matt had taken them off, or, he'd sort of taken them off, so it was only fair if he did, too.

Shiro peeled his boxers down until the waistband was below his cock, and heard another sharp, involuntary inhale from Matt. He glanced up, and even though he didn't say anything, Matt seemed like he noticed the question mark that Shiro practically had written on his face.

"It's just... I mean, holy *fuck*. You're big."

"I. Um. What?" He was overcome with a sudden urge to cover himself with his hands, because being on the receiving end of the same kind of face Matt gave a particularly interesting science experiment didn't exactly make him comfortable with his nudity. He covered his face with his hands instead, but he swore Matt could see him blushing through his fingertips.

"I said, you're *big*."

"I... guess?" He'd tried to stay out of the kinds of dick-measuring contests some of the other cadets got into—both the literal and figurative ones.

"Am I making this weird? I'm making this weird," Matt said, and Shiro laughed against his palms, peeking out between two fingers.

"Yes? I'm just really, uh. Awkward about this kind of thing already, so..." So, Matt talking about his *cock* wasn't helping.

"Hey, c'mon," Matt said, curling his fingers around Shiro's wrists. "Come out of there. I'm sorry. I didn't meant to embarrass you, I'm just. I guess 'impressed' might be the right word?"

Shiro was still laughing as Matt slowly parted his hands from his face, then leaned in and kissed him. He supposed this wasn't as bad as finding out that his boyfriend had been listening to him jerk off for the past couple months, so if there was anyone who had something to be shy about, it was Matt. Thankfully, Matt had no shame.

As Matt kissed him, his hand brushed against Shiro's arm on its way down. They parted just long enough for Shiro to see Matt's fingers curling around his cock again, and then Shiro kissed him again, enough pressure that his cheek smudged the bottom of Matt's glasses lens. Shiro knew he was supposed to be watching, but kissing Matt was grounding in its familiarity, tempering the nerves flaring up inside of him.

Matt didn't seem to mind, either, he nudged his glasses up until they were resting on his head so he could kiss back without worrying about getting them smashed into his face.

"Shiro," Matt sighed, so close, Shiro could feel the shape of his lips forming the word. "Shiro, c'mon. You should, too," he said, because Shiro had stopped touching himself, and was running his hands up and down Matt's thighs instead.

"Okay," Shiro said, and it was as much a response to Matt as it was just to steady himself.

It felt *better* doing it right after kissing Matt, like his whole body was behind the action, not just his mouth. In the back of his mind, Shiro was always a little embarrassed when he was jerking off, like he could never get entirely comfortable, like he was doing something he wasn't supposed to. This actually *was* something he wasn't supposed to do, but somehow, it felt more comfortable. Maybe it was because the world had narrowed to just him and Matt and this bed, and there was no blank space in his mind or his senses for other thoughts and worries to slip in.

He couldn't think about anything other than Matt, couldn't see anything besides his body, the way his hands moved. Matt liked it a little bit faster than him, and he was somehow *wetter*. It took Shiro a minute, but he realized it was because Matt had licked his palm before he got down to it—because he was cut, Shiro figured.

"God, you're hot," Matt sighed. He'd readjusted his glasses so he could see better, because Matt was *watching* him, his lower lip stuffed between his teeth, his free hand on Shiro's shoulder so he could steady himself. The places they were connected were hotter than the rest of him—Matt's thighs over his, Matt's fingers pressing into his skin. Occasionally, their foreheads brushed, and Shiro always involuntarily twitched away, because he was afraid he was going to smack his head into Matt's. Headbutting your boyfriend didn't seem very sexy.

Shiro watched Matt press his thumb to the head of his cock, and he did it too, sensation zipping up his spine, leaving him softly moaning into the space between them.

"How does it feel?" Matt asked, like the noises he was making weren't answer enough.

"It's good," Shiro said. Every touch had him shivering, had his breath coming out shaky. By this point, he'd normally be rolling his hips, fucking his fist, but he couldn't do that, because Matt was sitting on him. He didn't need to, because Matt was sitting on him.

Matt's hand slipped off Shiro's shoulder and he curled in, planting his palm on the sheets to steady himself. His forehead pressed against Shiro's shoulder and he started to stroke himself faster, rougher, it seemed like. The head of his cock was slick with pre-come, and every time he rolled his fist over it, he left a soft moan damp on the patch of Shiro's skin under his mouth.

"Are you close?" Shiro asked him.

Matt tried and failed to answer twice, and then finally got out a ragged, "yeah... yeah, I am."

Shiro turned his head and kissed his temple. "You like it fast when you're about to—?"

"Yeah." Matt made a little noise high in his throat and reached up to grab the back of Shiro's neck. "Can I kiss you? I wanna be kissing you."

"Yes, do it, kiss me—" and he was cut off by Matt crushing their mouths together, making Shiro's already-sore lips burn. It was messy and open-mouthed, Matt's teeth scraping Shiro's lower lip, his nails digging into the nape of Shiro's neck. Shiro was so caught up in kissing him, his arm wrapped around Matt's waist, chests pressed together, as close as they could get without Matt's cock pressing against his (oh. That was a nice thought. Later.) that Shiro almost missed it when he came. He felt a shiver run through him, and Matt tipped his head back a little, breaking the kiss to bite his lower lip. For a moment, Shiro didn't connect it with the feeling of something hot and liquid running down his thigh.

Once he did, he put his hand in Matt's hair and kissed him again, a little gentler but not much. Matt kissed him back with both arms around Shiro's back, now, and ugh, smeared it on his shoulder a little bit, but fuck it, they were taking a shower anyways after this.

"I want," Matt said, between kisses, "to touch you."

Shiro pulled back and underwent the effort it took to blink his eyes open. "What?"

"I want to *touch* you," Matt repeated, and then, at a continued look of confusion from Shiro, he clarified, "your dick. Can I get you off?"

His stomach flipped like he was on a rollercoaster. Not bad, just overwhelming. "Yeah," he said, and as soon as he did, a hand covered his own on his cock. Matt's right, the one he'd just been touching himself with—of course it was, he wasn't going to be doing that with his off-hand.

He slipped his fingers out from under Matt's, and the first real touch of Matt's hand against his cock made him feel like his insides were relocating themselves again. Matt's grip was a little looser than his own had been, and

he moved slow at first, until he got his bearings. Then, he grinned at Shiro with the kind of deviousness that usually preceded, "we're sneaking out tonight," or, "let's go make out in the sim room."

This time, it was followed up by, "Takashi, I'm gonna make you come," instead.

Matt never went back on anything he said he was going to do, especially not when he said it with that face. He lasted maybe a full minute, and he wasn't sure if it was Matt's hand on him, or his mouth against his neck, or the way he said, "*fuck, baby*," that did it. If he was completely honest, it was probably just the concept that he was finally *having sex with his boyfriend* that made him come. Alright, and maybe a little bit of it was the handjob.

He thought he came with Matt's name on his lips, but he couldn't honestly be sure.

Afterwards, he leaned back against the headboard, eyes closed, waiting for his breathing and his heart rate to slow back down to normal. It was taking a long time. Matt leaned against his chest, turned on his side to avoid the mess all over Shiro's stomach and both of their thighs, his hand still unselfconsciously resting next to Shiro's dick.

"I'm gonna pass out now," Matt said, "hope that's cool."

"It's not cool," Shiro said, because he had sweat and come going cool and sticky on his skin, and it was starting to itch and feel generally disgusting. "C'mon. Shower."

"Shiro," Matt whined, "I just had like, the best birthday ever, *and* we threw that virginity thing out the window, can't we take a minute to celebrate that?"

"We can celebrate that when we're not super gross," Shiro said, nudging at Matt's knee.

"Ugh, okay, you win. We *are* super gross," Matt conceded. "But I'm only doing this if we shower together."

"We'll just end up doing it again," Shiro said, stretching once Matt got off his lap and gave him room to move.

"Exactly," Matt said, with the same smile on his face he'd had right before he told Shiro he was gonna make him come.

Shiro sighed, trying to seem very put-upon and, by the feeling of the smile pulling at the corners of his mouth, probably not succeeding. "Okay, I guess I'll just *have* to put up with having sex with my super-hot boyfriend *again*. If I must."

"You're a saint," Matt said, tapping his knuckles against Shiro's chest. "Also, yes, you have to. It's my birthday."

Author's Note:

Say hey on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula! I'm really deep into this Matt/Shiro thing rn and I'm suffering.

...seriously, is anybody else really crazy about those ships where they only sometimes call each other by their full name?